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# THE CENTURY PLANT:

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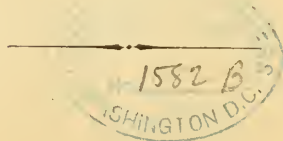
## CHICAGO IN 1970.

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED

AT THE DEARBORN THEATRE.

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BY GEORGE P. UPTON.  
"



CHICAGO:

RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY, PRINTERS, 51 AND 53 CLARK STREET.

1871.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR WILLIAM BOBBIN

The Century Plant

MRS. WILLIAM BOBBIN,

The Injured Woman

MRS. JUDGE TORT,

The Learned Court.

MISS ARAMINTA, TORT,

The Rejected Woman.

MISS CHANCELLOR ERSKINE,

The Counsel in the Case.

MISS HIGHFLYER,

Clerk of the Court.

MISS SAPPHO,

The Troubadour.

MRS. POLICEWOMAN 25.

THE IMP.

MISS CUTASWELL,

MISS STUNNER,

MISS FLYAWAY,

MISS CRÆSUS,

}  
Michigan Avenue Belles.  
}

Jury, Neighbors, Spectators, etc., by the Company.



## PROLOGUE.

SCENE. An interior in Mr. Bobbin's house. Very ordinarily furnished. Door and window at rear—window with old hat stuffed through broken pane. Clock on wall between door and window, with hands at half-past twelve—midnight—Family portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bobbin, hanging. Table at right, covered with sewing—cradle and baby near table—candle burning on table. Bed at left.

MRS. BOBBIN (*discovered seated at the table sewing, with her foot on the rocker of the cradle, poorly dressed, in the costume of the day.*)

(*Looking at the clock.*) “Half-past twelve! and Mr. Bobbin not yet returned. Just a year ago we were married, and William promised to love and cherish and obey me. And this is what he calls loving and cherishing and obeying! Out every night until two and three o'clock in the morning; night before last he came home drunk, and said he had been to the lodge, *working* on something, and he had worked so long it made him dizzy. Last night he came home without a cent in his pocket, and said he had been to the lodge, and that they had a terrible time with a tiger there. Working on Natural History, I suppose.” (*Takes up Bobbin's pantaloons to mend a rent in the seat. Puts her hand in the pockets and takes out, one after the other, a cork-screw, a dice-box and dice, short clay pipe, an empty pocket-book and a letter. She opens and reads, with a start.*) “What is this? a letter?”

DEAR WILLIAM—Will meet you at same place this evening—8: 30, sharp. Don't fail me.

MAUDE.

(*Mrs. Bobbin, rising, drops the articles one after the other, and lastly, the pantaloons. Paces the floor, with her hands on her brow, striking theatrical attitudes. Goes to the window and looks out. Resumes, a la Lear :*)

“Away, vain tears! Cease, throbbing heart. Tremble, thou wretch! Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes, unwhipped of justice. Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue, thou art incestuous. I am a woman more sinned against than sinning.” (*A fumbling noise at the door.*)

MRS. BOBBIN. “Ha! he comes.”

(*Enter Mr. Bobbin, very drunk, hat partly over his eyes, neck handkerchief flying, pantaloons tucked in his boots, and very seedy. Examining his night key as if there were two keys.*)

MR. BOBBIN. "'Suthing in the k-k-keyhole, my love, (hic) 'suthing in the k-k-keyhole."

MRS. BOBBIN, (*severely*) "Where have you been, sir?"

MR. BOBBIN, (*singing*) "I've been roaming—(hic) been to the lodge, my d-dear. Great deal of bus-bus-business to-night—(hic) had a l-l-love-feast."

MRS. BOBBIN, (*aside*) "Oh the wretch!" (*to him, holding up the letter*) "What do you mean, sir, by such conduct as this?"

MR. BOBBIN. "Another little bill, Mrs. Bobbin?"

MRS. BOBBIN. "No! not another little bill (*pointing to the cradle*) there is the little Bill. But you don't care for that little Bill. You don't care for me—you care for Maude, Mr. Bobbin."

MR. BOBBIN, (*staggering towards her*) "You're drunk, Mrs. Bobbin. You're *maud-lin* drunk, (hic) I leave you to your own meditations, Mrs. Bobbin. I will seek my couch. (*Seeking for it in a drunken way.*) When you get sober, I will talk with you." (*Throws himself on the bed with his boots on the pillow and hat over his eyes, and commences snoring. Mrs. Bobbin rests her head in her hands upon the table. IMP suddenly springs up through trap\* with flash of fire in the wings—dressed in red, with mask, horns and tail, a la fiend, with label on his back—"Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," fork in hand, touches Mrs. Bobbin on the shoulder. Mrs. B. starts up and is about to speak. Imp places his fingers upon his lips.*)

IMP. "Sh! I am the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I have long known your sufferings and am come to relieve you."

MR. BOBBIN. (*Stirring uneasily in his sleep and murmuring, "Hark! I hear an angel sing!"*)

MRS. BOBBIN. "There is no hope. That man is a bad egg. He has promised me time and again to do better, but he only grows worse and worse."

IMP. "Leave him to me. He shall dream a dream of a hundred years, in which he shall see some sights which will cure him of his ways, I assure you."

(*Imp approaches the bed and dances a jig (with orchestra) almost noiselessly, thrusting his fork now and then towards the sleeper. At each thrust of the fork, Bobbin assumes a new position, and at the close of the dance has his head on the pillow.*)

IMP. (*Taking his position on the trap.*) "He is now right end

\* Chord from orchestra.

up, my good woman, and before the hundred years are over he will be right end upper than he is now. The dream commences."

(*Gathering his tail up in his hands, descends. Flash of fire.\**)

MRS. BOBBIN. (*Springing forward to the trap and looking for the spot.*) "The Devil!"

## SCENE I.

View of Clark street in perspective—lamp post at right upper entrance—stores and houses eight and ten stories high—sidewalks full of women—balloons carrying passengers—no men visible—teams of merchandise driven by women—military company of women shouldering brooms—steam fire engine driven by women—buildings covered with signs; the following plainly visible to the audience:

Mary Jones & Co., Commission Merchants; Susan Jenkins, Attorney-at-law; Fanny Furbelow, M D.; Laura Brown, U.S. Commissioner; John Stanley, Milliner; Samuel Stubbs, Dressmaking; Wm. Brown, Washing taken in; Henry Hobbs, Pinking and Crimping; Abraham Doolittle, Machine Sewing; James Giles, Wet Nurse, the last sign nearest the lamp post.

MR. BOBBIN, (*enters drunk, and leans against the lamp-post—laughs a drunken laugh.*)

"Been to the lodge again! Mrs. Bobbin don't like the lodge. (*laughs.*) Mrs. Bobbin don't like me either. Wonder where I am, any way. Wonder if Mrs. Bobbin is sitting up for me. (*Breaks out in a maudlin way, 'Oh! we wont go home till morning,' (hic) —looks up at the gas light—'How are you, old f-f-feller?' tries to shake hands with it. His eye suddenly catches sight of the sign, James Giles, Wet Nurse. He walks away from the post, straightens himself and walks up to the sign and reads it over aloud once or twice, and then laughs.*) How are you, Jim? Jim, I never thought you would come to that. B'leeve I'll set up for dry nurse—I'm always dry." (*Commences to sing again*), "Oh! we're the jolly good fellows."

(*Enter Policewoman 25, dressed as a girl of the period, with jaunty hat, cigar in mouth—star—club in her hand—rather swaggering in style.*)

POLICEWOMAN. "Hillo, old man, what are you doing here this time of night? Let me see your pass."

BOBBIN. "Wha-a-a-t!"

POLICEWOMAN. "Let me see your pass."

BOBBIN. "Oh, go 'way—quit your fooling. Angeliferous creature, come to my arms." (*Attempts to embrace her.*)

\* Chord from orchestra.

POLICEWOMAN. "Stand back," (*tapping him on the head with her club.*)

BOBBIN. "That's the most *striking* proof of affection I ever felt before."

POLICEWOMAN. "I can't wait here. Let me see your pass, or come along with me."

(*Bobbin fumbles in his pockets and takes out a piece of paper—and hands it to her. She reads :*)

DEAR WILLIAM—Meet me at the old place—you know where.

July 1, 1870.

MAUD.

POL. "That won't do—that isn't a pass—besides, that piece of paper is a hundred years old."

BOBBIN. "Oh, get out, I got it this morning."

POL. "No levity, sir, that paper is a hundred years old."

BOBBIN. "Then I must be a hundred years old (*feels of himself, a la Jefferson.*) Ach! meine knees, meine ellibows. I say, old gal, do you know mein leedle dog Shnyder?"

POL. "Oh, let your leedle dog Shnyder *rip*. If you haven't got a pass you will have to go along with me."

BOBBIN. "As we go bobbin 'round." (*Sung.*)

POL. (*Taking out a paper, reads by gaslight :*)

*Extract from the Municipal Laws :*

"SEC. 180. All men found on the public streets after dark without a pass from their mistresses, will be arrested and brought before the police magistrate for trial, upon the charge of being a public nuisance.

(Signed)

NANCY SMITH, Mayor.

Chicago, Jan. 1, 1970."

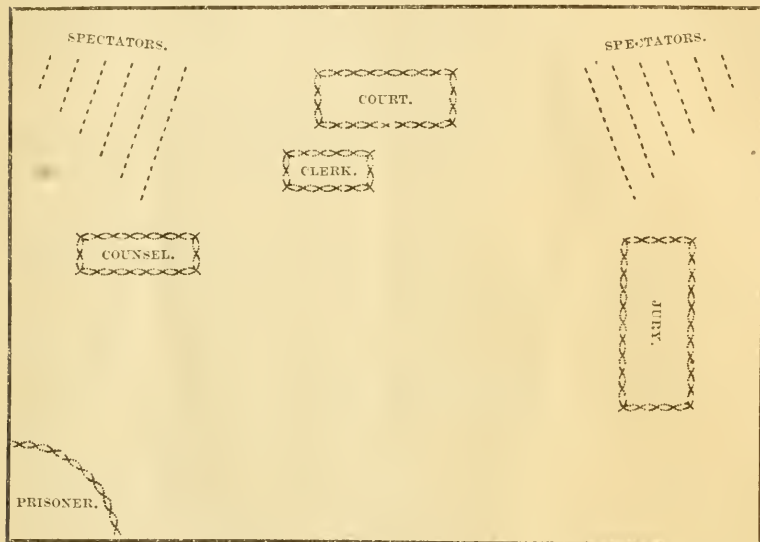
BOBBIN. "Bully for Nancy. I say, old gal, a few weeks ago, I mean a hundred years ago, they had a war over the other side, and William took Nancy, but Nancy's got William this time."

POL. "Got any money about you. Hand over your pocket-book. (*Hands out an empty pocket-book. She examines it.*) Not a stamp—just my luck—haven't taken a man to-night who had a cent on him. Come on, old fellow, you've got to go along." (*Takes him by the collar, and jerks him along.*)

BOBBIN. "She's got the most taking way of any woman I ever saw. Wonder what she's going to do with me, anyhow." (*Exeunt, with a jerk.*)

## SCENE II.—A COURT ROOM.

Figure of Justice over Court's desk—a woman with scales in one hand—bandage torn from her head in the other—Judge in black wrapper and blonde wig with long curls—Clerk stylishly attired—Counsel, a la Susan B. Anthony—Jury dressed in extreme of fashion, all with fans.



(Enter policewoman 25, leading Bobbin and placing him in the box.)

BOBBIN. (*Beckoning to Policewoman,*) "Is this a sewing circle, old gal?"

POL. "Silence in the Court."

BOBBIN. "Wonder what Mrs. Bobbin would say to her William, now."

COURT. "What is this wretched man charged with?"

POL. "With being a general nuisance, your Honor."

COURT. "Policewoman, you may be sworn."

CLERK. "You do solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and as much more as you can. So help you, Mrs. Cady Stanton."

COURT. "You will make your testimony as strong as possible against this miserable man, Mrs. Policewoman."

POL. "I was walking down Clark street, your Honor, about nine o'clock last evening, when I saw this man leaning against a

lamp-post, with a pistol in each hand. A few minutes before this, there had been a row in Mrs. Col. Smith's saloon, in which Miss Stubbs, a notorious loafer, was shot. I accused him of the murder, and he acknowledged it at once. I also found in his pockets a package of silver spoons and a large quantity of jewelry which he acknowledged to have stolen from the residence of Rev. Mrs. Wobble; I also found upon him a forged pass, about which he told several contradictory stories; also, an appointment to meet a woman. In addition to all this he was very drunk."

COURT. "Wretched man! what have you to say to this?"

BOBBIN. "Nothing, ma'am, I am too full for utterance. (*Aside.*) How that policewoman can lie. (*To the Court.*) Can't I have a lawyer, ma'am?"

COURT. "Silence! Don't you know, sir, that men can't have lawyers in our court; women only can have justice here. The counsel for the people may read the statute to this ignorant and besotted scoundrel."

COUNSEL. (*Taking book from pile on table.*) "Your Honor and ladies of the jury, I do myself the pleasure of reading from the Revised Statutes, Art. IV., Sec. 2:

"In view of the fact that since the creation of the world, men have had all the justice, it is hereby stipulated that a man is unworthy the privileges of an American citizen. (*Livermore's Digest*, vol. ii, p. 382.) In all cases, therefore, both of common and uncommon law, no man will be allowed to be represented by counsel or to offer testimony. It is also expressly stipulated, that nothing hereinafter or hereinbefore contained shall conflict with this provision, and that the mere fact of a change of mind upon the part of our lawgivers shall not impair its force which the same we are free to maintain."

*Bradwell*, 6, 4, in the case of *Nye v. The Heathen Chinees*.

"May it please your Honor, I have two other decisions delivered by eminent Chief Justices of the weaker sex, of the last century, which I will read with the permission of the honorable court.

"Jintilmen uv the Court, this is the hiviest case that iver coom oop the sbthairs. Will the clerk sind down for a sup of whisky and charge it to the prisoner?"

O'Malley, *Illinois Reports*.

"Again, *quod demonstrandum est* :

"When the jibboom of one vissil runs forninst the jibboom of another vissil, by the provishuns of the lix talionis, both jibbooms



shall be arristid for contimpt of coort, and sold to the highest bidder.”  
Prendergast, Supreme Justice.

“Lucus a non lucendo—a mere hint which throws light upon the enormity of yonder unprincipled libertine.”

COURT. “The lucid remarks of the learned chancellor have satisfied me that this matchless villain before me is a liar, a forger,\* a seducer, a burglar, and a murderer.” (*At this point, a messenger suddenly enters with a note which he hands to the Court. The Court reads, fanning herself vigorously, and then rises:*)

COURT. “It will be impossible to proceed further with this case to-day. I have received a note from Mrs. Dr. Stebbins stating that Mr. Tort has just presented another addition to the family of this Court, which, I regret to say, it is a male boy.”

COUNSEL. (*Rising.*) “May I inquire of this Honorable Court if the mother and child are doing well?”

COURT. *With dignity.* “How dare they do otherwise?”

BOBBIN. “Let me kiss him for his mother.” (*Rap on head from policeman.*) “I want to go home.”

COURT. “The Clerk will take bail for this infatuated prisoner to appear at a future date and receive his sentence.” (*Exit.*)

CLERK. “Is there any lady present who will go bail for this diabolical rascal?”

MISS TORT. (*Who, all along has regarded Bobbin very lovingly, rises with her sewing in her hand, drops it on the floor, and says,*) “I will.” *Signs the bond, then turns to Bobbin with a passionate appeal:*) “Adorable man, wilt thou not come with me; the wild gazelle with its silvery feet, I’ll give thee for a playmate sweet.”

BOBBIN. “I don’t want a gazelle; I want to go home. Take me to my mother.”

MISS TORT. “I will take you to *my* home, poor persecuted one. Come down to my house and we will talk it over.” (*Takes him by the elbow and starts with him.*) “And what’s your name, my pretty one?” (*chucking him under the chin.*)

BOBBIN. “Bobbin.”

MISS TORT. “What a beautiful name. Come along, dear Bobbin.”

BOBBIN. “What is coming next. Punched on the head by one woman, called a murderer by a second, and dear Bobbin by a third. What will Mrs. Bobbin say? Come on, old gal, let’s go down to the house.”

\* Bobbin’s surprise increasing with each new epithet.



## SCENE III.

Michigan avenue—street scene—ships and shipping—elevators, etc.

(*Enter Miss Cutaswell, Miss Stunner, R., attired in extravagant fashion—short skirts.*)

MISS CUTASWELL. "Oh! I am so glad to get out of that dreadful court room. Mamma wants me to become a lawyer, but I won't do it. I'll let her know I've got a mind of my own."

MISS STUNNER. "Isn't it awful to have to sit on a jury where a poor woman can't say a word!"

(*Enter Miss Flyaway and Miss Cræsus, L.*)

MISS F. "How are you, gals? How do you feel this morning?"

MISS CUT. "Gay as a lark."

MISS CRÆSUS. "I'm just dying for a dance."

MISS ST. "So am I."

MISS FL. "Pile in, then."

(*Grotesque can-can for four.*)

## SCENE IV.

Interior of boarding house—a handsomely furnished apartment.



(*Mr. Bobbin discovered seated on a sofa reading a paper—reads :*

"'The Female Association for the Amelioration of Men on Wabash avenue, will meet this evening at 7:30, sharp.' I'm

getting tired of this kind of thing. They don't give a man any kind of a show now-a-days."

(*Enter Miss Tort.*)

MISS T. "Good evening, William."

BOBBIN. "Good evening, Miss Tort."

MISS T. "Oh, why will you be so formal? Call me Araminta."

BOBBIN. "I was not aware, Miss Tort, that so great a liberty would be allowable upon so short an acquaintance."

MISS T. (*Advancing before him and taking a pinch of snuff.*) "Sir!"

BOBBIN. (*Wilting a little.*) "No offence, Araminta."

MISS T. "You *will* call me Araminta, then?"

BOBBIN. "Yes! I'll call—(*aside*) wonder how much I can go better."

MISS T. "Oh, William! The moment that I placed my eyes upon you I felt a sudden passion for you. Tell me that I am not altogether hideous in your eyes."

BOBBIN. (*With expressive bashful pantomimery.*) "Hideous! No! Never! Thou art as beautiful as an opening rosebud. (*Aside*) How is that for high?"

MISS T. "Then you will bid me hope (*growing bolder, sitting beside him and seizing his hand.*)"

BOBBIN. (*Whistles softly a measure of Shoo-Fly.*) "Have pity on my tender youth—I am but a poor frail thing—I am ower young to marry yet—don't press me—give me time to think of this. This sudden declaration has quite overcome me. Excuse these tears."

MISS T. "Time! what is time? Love knows no credit. Its bills mature on the instant."

BOBBIN. (*Trying to get his hand away in vain.*) "I cannot tell you now—I must see my mother. Young woman, do not carry this matter too far. Remember I am alone here and have no protector. (*She makes an advance towards him and he gets up on the arm of the sofa.*) Should my mother give her consent, I may bid you hope."

MISS T. "Talk not to me of mothers. What is a mother to my love for thee?"

BOBBIN. "Young woman, don't speak disparagingly of mothers, Where would you have been without a mother? Where would I have been?"

MISS T. I know the weakness of your sex. You are a man, and

I pity you. But time flies. Once more, William, (*throwing herself upon her knees before him*) I offer you my heart and hand. (*Bobbin sits coldly, whistling to himself.*) Don't reject! Pause before you reply."

BOBBIN. "I pause." (*Orchestra—few bars tremolando.*)

MISS T. "Well, sir, have you come to a decision?"

BOBBIN. "Young woman by the name of Araminta, I must have more time, and in the meantime I refer you to my mother.

MISS T. (*Rising, in a towering rage, and pacing the floor*) "Spurned by a man! my suit rejected! Cease, fond heart, and you, ye sinews, grow not instant old but bear me stiffly up." (*Takes out her snuff-box and is about to throw its contents in his face*) "If you will not have me with your eyes open, then go it blind. No! No! I will not, (*takes a pinch from the box*) opens the door and screams—mother! mother!"

(*Enter mother [the Court] in night-cap and robe de nuit, with candle in her hand.*)

COURT. "What is't that ails thee, Araminta?"

MISS T. "I am rejected by yonder man."

COURT, (*approaching Bobbins*) "Ho! ho! the prisoner!"

BOBBIN. "Ha! ha! the Court! How's the baby?"

COURT. "Unthinking wretch! Thou sportest on the edge of a precipice. Your day of trial comes."

BOBBIN. "Good for sixty days."

MISS T. (*Screams.*) "What is't that unnerves me? Oh, love, I faint, I swoo-oo-oon (*jumps, and is caught by the Court who stands fanning her.* Bobbin attempts to get out of the window—sash comes down and catches him halfway, leaving him kicking. Araminta now and then kicking spasmodically, while Court solemnly pronounces):

"Child, if it were thine error or thy crime  
I care no longer, being all unblest,  
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time,  
And I desire to rest."

#### SCENE. V

Exterior of boarding-house—Name on door, "SALLY HOPKINS, Boarding"—window over door, with lattice—other houses on each side, with miscellaneous signs, all boarding—street named Wabash avenue.

(*Enter Miss Sappho, with guitar.*)

MISS S. "If I mistake not, this is the house I saw him enter. I will touch my guitar and waken him from his slumbers."

*(Touches a prelude. Lattice opens and Bobbin appears with his boots in his hands, about to throw them at the serenader.)*

BOBBIN. "Whoa! that is another one. Go in, beauty."

*(Miss Sappho sings serenade. Bobbin leaning upon the window sill, a la Juliet. At the end of first verse)—*

BOBBIN. "Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek."

*(When Sappho finishes)—*

BOBBIN. "Fly, fly for thy life, my mother wakes—she comes, she comes."

*(Araminta appears, jerks Bobbin away from the window, and commences to throw the boots at Sappho, who runs away.)*

## SCENE VI.

Same as Scene II.

*(Positions as in Scene II.)*

CLERK. "Oyez, oyez, oyez, the Honorable Mrs. Tort's Court is now in session pursuant to adjournment. Hats off in the Court. *(Hats and bonnets removed.)*

COUNSEL. "I move your Honor, that we now proceed with the trial of the man Bobbin, charged with being out late, lying, forgery, seduction, burglary, and the murder of the late Miss Jones."

COURT. "The trial will proceed. Miss Clerk, will you pass me up five or six of those books. Don't be particular, any of them will do. The Honorable Mrs. Counsel will now sum up the case."

COUNSEL. *(Fan in hand.)* "Your Honor and ladies of the Jury: Standing as I do upon the verge of the twentieth century, I should be untrue to the traditions of our sex, which has done so much for the world if I did not say that I am overcome with the appalling responsibilities of my position, and the tremendous depths of degradation to which yonder miserable wretch who stands there without a blush has descended *(uses her smelling-bottle.)* *Natura abhorret vacuum.*

"What does Livermore say? *(takes up a volume.)*

*(To the Court.)* "Page 56. Livermore says: 'Man is the quintessence of atrabilliousness and defunct realism. He sums up in his corporeal and spiritual organization all the vices to which flesh is heir, with several towns to hear from. Cajoling himself with the delusive snare of worldly monarchism, he rides a lofty steed, and cuts it fat. He indulges in the light fantastic upon the crater of the female volcano which will one day engulf him.

Woman lies prone in the dust, and man strides over her prostrate form, shaking the empyrean. Shackled with the galling fetters of the predestinated ignorance of an overbearing monstrosity, her cries pierce the sublunary vaults and wake the empty echoes of the overspreading chaos. You may expel nature with a pitchfork but she will come back again. The day will come—I trust the jury will mark these words of the late Chief Justice—(*one or two of the jury asleep*)—the day will come when woman will burst her shackles with a terrific loss of life, will rise triumphant, and brandishing the fetters in her red right hand will soar from Maine to Oregon and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, rying as she sours, *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*. Then shall the Nebuchadnezzars of forty centuries go out on all fours and eat grass, and woman mount the lofty steed and cut all the fat herself.’

“This is what that great foreseeing champion of woman’s rights proclaimed. And I ask you, fellow-women of the jury, looking upon that ill-favored scoundrel, was she not right?

“Again—

(Miss Clerk, will you have the kindness to pass me Stanton on Divorce?)

“What does Mrs. Stanton say?—I trust the jury regard me—(*two more asleep*.)

“Mrs. Stanton says: ‘It is no mean part of the female protoplasm that every deviation from a phenomenal course of conduct, with our present light, exposes the infractor to the concurrent force of circumstances, or, in the language of law, the *res gestæ*, without which there cannot be a scintilla of evidence in categorical questions. No woman can, therefore, expose herself anew to the bare suspicion of such a precipitate without a moral and physical shudder. To escape the dilemma of such a catastrophe, which has often been observed in sewing circles, ladies’ aid meetings, and other cheerful forms of feminine gregariousness, I hold that that woman is deaf to the calls of philanthropy and foreign missionary labor who refuses to be as much married as possible,—*Teen dapa meibmenoos prosephe krione Brigham Young*.’

“To what are we led by this state of things, or, in the language of that eminent and learned barrator, Dickinson, “whither drift we?’

“Again, she says: (*turning to another part of the volume*.) ‘The most narrow-minded of the opposite sex has always admitted that woman is the *summum bonum*, the *Ultima Thule*, I may even say,

the *cui bono* of the cosmos. Viewing the microcosm thus, if this be so, and that be so, then the other must be, also. Therefore it was that nature so constructed her as to be superior to every accident of time, and never to go back upon any marital contingency. If complete affiliation, therefore, be incompatible with the eternal fitness of things, and the diametrical opposition of antagonistic forces, she must claim the right of coagulation with any and all who may have the temerity to enter into new and untried combinations, and send the husband, *pro tem.* out into the wet with his carpet bag to seek new fields and pastures green. Ain't it?'

"The jury will find more to this effect after they have decided upon the guilt of this diabolical incendiary and butcher. But I see the jury is weary. (*All the jury asleep.*) I beg they will have patience a little longer.

"Shielding ourselves, therefore, under the protecting ægis of this bulwark of our palladium, what do we find?

"We find that this perjured miscreant has deliberately lied upon the public highway in informing this policewoman, whom I know to be one of the most faithful of the corporation's servants, that he had just been sent out to bring home some washing. His plea is growing altogether too common, and I trust your Honor will make an example of him. *Exemplum est commendabilis.*

"Again: We find that he has ruined a confiding and innocent maiden by the name of Maude; I know not who she may be, but I am a mother and can feel for her (*uses her handkerchief*). This Court, too has a daughter who has felt the withering blight of this man's ingratitude (*Court and Miss Tort weep*). She, too, has felt how sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent's child.

"We find, again, that he has ruthlessly and without provocation, slain a young maiden in one of our most public places of refreshment, and now he comes into this august presence with the blood of the victim upon his hands, (*Bobbin looks at his hands*) and with the brand of Cain upon his brow, (*Bobbin feels of his brow, and in doing so leaves a white mark.*) I cannot draw the harrowing picture of this tender flower plucked untimely from its stalk. *Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede.* Nor of the agony which must have rent the bosom of that unfortunate girl, the late lamented Jones. *Hic jacet.* And with all the weight of that heinous atrocity resting upon his conscience, fresh from imbruing his hands in the blood of a helpless female, he stands against a lamp-post indulging in the perusal of the sign of a wet nurse. Nero could fiddle while Rome was burning,



but Nero was an angel of goodness compared with Bobbin. I appeal to this intelligent jury, what punishment shall adequately compensate for the malefactions of this villain double-dyed? I leave it to your valedictory vengeance. I feel safe in leaving the case in your hands."

COURT. "Miss Clerk, will you please wake up the jury?"

(*Clerk arouses them.*)

COURT. "The prisoner at the bar will look at this Court. What is your name, sir?"

BOBBIN "William Bobbin."

COURT. "How old are you?"

BOBBIN. "Twenty-nine."

COURT. "In consideration of your tender age, I am disposed to be light in my punishment, although the category of your crimes calls for condign vengeance. The Court, therefore, sentences you to ten years of hard labor in scrubbing the public buildings, five years of solitary confinement in the House for Erring Men, and that, at the expiration of that time you be taken out and hanged by the neck until you are dead."

BOBBIN. "Couldn't I be hanged first, I'm not a success as a scrubber."

COURT. "Silence, sir. The jury will now rise (*to the foreman*) Mrs. Foreman has the jury decided upon a verdict?"

FOREMAN. "We have."

COURT. "Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

FOREMAN. "Guilty."

COURT. "As I supposed."

MISS TORT, (*advancing in front of Bobbin.*) "Love knows no credit, its bills mature upon the instant. You had better prepare to square up, (*appealing to Heaven*) Just Heaven, I thank thee."

COURT. "Policewoman, remove the prisoner."

BOBBIN. "I want to go home."

POLICE. "You are going."

(*Eceunt omnes.*)



## SCENE VII.

Last scene transforms into first, which is precisely the same, except that it is morning.

(*Bobbin, rousing himself from sleep, still muttering "I want to go home."* Mrs. Bobbin seated at table, reading a paper.)

MRS. B. "Well, you *are* at home."

MR. B. "Why, Mrs. Bobbin, you haven't grown old any."

MRS. B. "Groan! I've done nothing but groan. Now that you are sober, sir, I hope that you will keep so."

MR. B. "My dear Mrs. Bobbin, it must have been a horrible dream. I've been projected into space a hundred years. I've seen what's coming. Behold in me a reformed man. Henceforth I am your adorable William, and ever promise to love, cherish and obey."

(*Both kneel, facing each other, and embrace.*)

IMP. (*Coming up through trap near them, lays his hand on their heads and says:*) "Bless you, my children, bless you."

BOBBIN. (*Looking in astonishment at him.*)

IMP. (*As he descends*) "The Devil is at the bottom of it all."

MRS. B. "Reformed! Oh joyful tidings, call in the neighbors. Let's 'Carry the news to Mary.'"

(*Enter all, in ordinary dress.*)

Specialty. "Carry the news to Mary."

(*Curtain falls.*)





P D 203





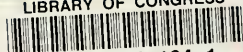








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